A Familiar EPISTLE TO Mr. *MITCHELL.*

CONTAINING

A Seasonable SATIRE,

Written in the Fashionable Style of Modern Poetick Beggars.

By a MONEY'D MAN.

Odi profanum Vulgus & arceo.
HOR.

LONDON,
Printed for T. JAUNCY, at the Angel without *Temple-Bar.* M.DCC.XX.
(Price Sixpence.)

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TO

The MYSTERY.

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A Seasonable SATIRE.

Written in this Enlightened Age of
Modern Fools & Knaves.

Advertiſement.

BE it known to all Men, &c. *I, the Author of the following Epiſtle, honeſtly declare hereby, That I am an hearty Lover of all good Projects, Companies*, &c. As *eſtabliſhed by Law, or encouraged by Royal Indulgence and Authority; And that I have not deſigned it as a Satire on any Perſons or Things, that are not a Satire on Themſelves. Signed at* Jauncy's Angel, September *the 22d*, 1720. *before theſe worthy Witneſſes:*

C. C.

Don Quixote's Adventures,
Eutopia.
Ignoramus.
Wealth, or the Woody.
The Laſt Guinea.
Paradiſe Loſt.
The Devil on two Sticks.

Advertisement.

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A Familiar EPISTLE TO Mr. *MITCHELL.*

WHILST I, a Foe to *Stocks* and *Bubbles*,

Retir'd from Town, the Scene of Troubles,

Contented with my mod'rate Store,

Grateful to Heaven, demand no more

Than, in my long-desir'd Retreat
By *Thames*, the *Muses'* gentle Seat,
Happy in Books, in Wine and Woman,
T' enjoy myself, and envy no Man:
You, my known Friend at JAUNCY's *Angel*,
Where *Wits* frequent the Places range all,
And, when you Leisure take from Rhymes,
Visit the *Alley* too sometimes;
Where, if you strive to read Mankind,
You shall far more Experience find,
Than tho, to the last Judgment-Day,
You did converse with POPE and GAY.

I KNOW the Temper of your Mind,
To serious Books and Thoughts inclin'd,

And,

And, while my looſer Lines you read,
You'll, *Parſon* like, e'en ſhake your Head——
Yet, ſince a Frolick takes the *Muſe*,
Her criminal Eſcapes excuſe;
For when we're mov'd by old APOLLO,
There is no help for't——we muſt follow.
Our *Spirit* ſeldom minds the Rules,
Either of Breeding, or the Schools:
In this, no mortal Men ſurpaſs us
More, than the *Stocks* out-ſwell *Parnaſſus*.

BUT, e're an Hurry drive me on,
'Tis fit you know I've juſt now done
With eating Pudding, Beef, and ſo forth——
If then my haſty Rhymes have no Worth,

For Beef and Pudding's ſake have mercy,
Or, as you hope a Share——in *Jerſey*
And *Harb'rough*; which, as I'm a Sinner,
May make you dance yet after Dinner.

PRELIMINARY Points adjuſted,
Awake, my *Muſe*, eleven Months ruſted,
And, in true Hudibraſtick Verſe,
The Humours of the Age rehearſe;
(And by the by too, be it known,
Afford a Sample of my own.)
How from all Corners of the Nation,
The Wiſe, Fools, Cits, and Folk of Faſhion,
Repair promiſcuous to the *Alley*,
To loſe or gain more Money daily:

Say

Say how, and by what means, a *Lord*,
On ſudden, turns not worth a T——d;
While, from a Dunghill to a Coach,
A *Raſcal* riſes in a Touch.

THIS is a fair Beginning, Faith!
But, without *Burgundy*, s'Death,
Verſe proves to me an helliſh Pain—
Then—here's your Health—and to't again,
But damn all *Rules*—I can't be vext
With keeping dully to my *Text*.

AS a bare-breech'd Poetick Sinner
Runs deep, in Debt, to buy his Dinner,
(I mean not PRIOR, STEELE, or THEE—
'Tis only but a *Simile*)

And

And knows not how to clear his Score,
Nor where to go and borrow more;
But, by a lucky Turn of Thought,
His Mind to this Reſolve is wrought,
That, ſince no better he can do,
He'll e'en the vulgar Paths purſue,
Till, by his wheedling Art, his Friend
Owns he is paid——in Words or Wind:
Juſt ſo (or ſo the Thing ſhould be
To anſwer to my *Simile*)
The *Publick*, for her private Ends,
Was ever borrowing from her Friends,
A Debtor ſtill, and ſtill in need;
(The Fact is true, *Sir*, as your Creed)
Till, at a pinch, ſhe thought, "Mayn't I
"Some Means, as other *Publicks*, try?

"My

" My large Arrears of Debt to pay,
" And make myſelf as free as They.
" Honour and Credit urge me to it—
" Beſide——I late began to know it——
" The neighb'ring States, if ſtill I ſit,
" Will laugh at me for want of Wit.
" Yea, what if, by ſome roguiſh Trick
" Of LAW, my Siſter *France* ſhould kick?
" Already he has made her fat,
" JESHURUN like——the *Text* is pat.
" Then, Zooks! I'll call a Council quickly,
" And fall to *Jobbing Work* directly,
" That, when I *Ready Money* want,
" At leaſt, my *Paper* mayn't be ſcant;

" Or,

" Or, if it ſhou'd, (if I've a mind)
" Some Project or another find,
" Where *Words* may do, and *Words* are *Wind*."
So cloſe to work the *Publick* fell——
But here I muſt a *Story* tell;
I wiſh my Friend may find it prove
As pat, as was the *Text* above.

A PEEVISH Fellow, on a time,
(This muſt be ſaid for ſake of Rhyme)
No ſooner on the Pillow laid,
In a warm Bed, his heavy Head,
Than, from their downy Dens, aroſe
Huge Swarms of certain human Foes,
That hunt for Blood, and break Repoſe.

Alarm'd

Alarm'd with unexpected Wars,
He ſtarts, he ſcrubs, he frets, he ſwears,
Till, after Labour ſpent in vain,
To Heaven he cries, in Heathen Strain:
" Great Father of the Men and Gods,
" Look down from the high-arch'd Abodes,
" To ſee the Mis'ry I endure,
" And ſend a ſpeedy, perfect Cure.
" If thoſe, that hinder me to ſnore,
" Once hear thy awful Thunders roar,
" They'll ſudden helter-skelter fly,
" And I, all Night, at eaſe ſhall lie.
" Or thou, O Sword-girt MARS, alarm
" My Foes, with thy red flaming Arm.
" Or HERCULES, renown'd in Fight,
" With thy dread Club, aſſert my Right;

" With one Heroick weighty Blow,
" The whole Detachments overthrow;
" Nor think it an inglorious Strife,
" On which depends your Suppliant's Life.
" Hot, ſcorching Fevers muſt enſue,
" If I be not reliev'd by you.
" Yea, if, unpuniſh'd, they go on,
" Your Government may be undone.
" Confuſion, Slav'ry, Blood and Death,
" (For what can't *Fleas* atchieve in Wrath?)
" And thouſand other Ills may come,
" If ye do not avert the Doom."
The Gods laugh'd loud, and thus reply'd,
" The Broom and Mop lie by thy ſide,
" Wormwood and Water too are nigh,
" Why don't you theſe Aſſiſtants try?

" Thou

" Thou ſaucy, ſenſeleſs Whoreſon, riſe,
" Strew, waſh, and ſweep the little *Lice*:
" The *Chamber-Maid* can do as well
" As all the Pow'rs in Heav'n and Hell.
" Nor importune us any more,
" To let our waſteful Thunders roar,
" Since Prudence may prevent the Woes,
" Which all your Race cou'd ſcarce compoſe."

NOW, Jos, I think I hear you ſay,
" Dear *Captain*, where's the Moral, pray?"
Why, Faith! it has one, without doubt,
And han't you Wit to find it out?
But, in the Sequel of my Letter,
Some other Strokes may clear it better.

Then, praythee read, and be not weary:
To rouze you, I'll propoſe a Query——

HAVE you not oft been witneſs how
The Beggars, an unruly Crew!
To Country-Weddings did repair,
Squabbling for Meat and Money there?
Or have you ſeen the Ravens croak
About a Carrion, on a Rock?
Or, laſtly, Jos, (and then I've done)
Did you ne'er caſt a Mutton-Bone
('Tis often practis'd by young Rogues)
Among a Sett of hungry Dogs?
Lord! Jos, did you not laugh to ſee
(I'm ſure, it us'd to tickle me)

What mighty Buſtle, Strife, and Pother,
Happen'd in one Caſe and another?
But beſt of all the Sport appear'd,
When one to pieces t'other tear'd:
(I write now as a Soldier ſhou'd,
That takes Delight in War and Blood)
Some, grumbling, humbly ſneak'd away,
With little of the proffer'd Prey;
Some with a luſty Collop fly;
Some ne'er a ſingle Bit enjoy;
Some ſlily wait; ſome faſt purſue;
Some loſe what once they had in view;
And ſome are catch'd at unawares,
Or robb'd by force of all their Shares.
Juſt ſo (or, as I ſaid before,
It ſhou'd be ſo, for me, I'm ſure)

The Dealers in the *Alley* mix,
In hope to gain a Coach and Six,
Increaſe their Fortunes, raiſe their Name,
Build Houſes, and their Wealth proclaim.
There, whilſt impartial Standers-by,
(As PHILIPS, GORDON, YOU and I)
At eaſe obſerve the mighty Pother,
And can't help laughing at their Brother;
The *Jobbers*, with unweary'd Strife,
Wait, plod and labour, as for Life.
Some bawl, *Firſt*, *Second*, and the *Third*
Subſcriptions—— Laſt's not worth a T——d.
Tho none can wager on their Durance,
Some cry the *New*, ſome *Old Aſſurance*;
Some *Africans*, ſome *Temple-Mills*;
And ſome the Scene with *Fiſheries* fills;

Some

Some *Engliſh*, ſome *Welſh-Copper* cry;
York-Buildings ſome; ——the *Luſtrings!* Fy——
The *Herrings here* a while take place,
Till *yonder Salmons* ſhew their Face:
To-day the *River-Douglaſs* roars;
To-morrow, what's like *Indian* Stores?
O God! O God! I'm ſick, I die——
Dear Jos, I know your Sympathy.

BUT now, I'm ſure, you'll ſay, "My Friend,
"When ſhall your Letter have an end?
"Your *Similies* to me are vain:
"S'death! I know not what they mean."
What! don't you know my Meaning yet?
Dear Jos, I took you for a *Wit*.

Oft

Oft han't I ſeen you at the *Court*?
At BUTTON's don't you much reſort?
Or (which I reckon little worſe)
At JAUNCY's *Angel* take your Courſe?
Well, yet another *Simile*,
And you ſhall have no more of *Me*.
If then your Eyes can ſee no better,
You're blind, and I have ſpent a Letter.

AS ſenſeleſs Monkeys, gayly clad,
Juſt like us Men, from Tail to Head,
Forget their humble Birth and Natures,
Turn proud, and glory in their Features,
With giddy Brains, and odd Grimace,
Strut round, and often, in the Glaſs,
Behold their fancy'd Shapes and Face,

With

With awkard Air and ugly Gait,
Our whole Deportment imitate:
So is it (and you ſee it daily,
When you vouchſafe to view the *Alley*)
With thoſe of vulgar Blood and Spirit,
Who have no Learning, Senſe, or Merit;
For Riches make them bounce and frown,
As if the whole World was their own;
No Order, nor Decorum keep,
But drink, and dance, and whore, and ſleep;
Scarce know the Folks they fear'd before,
And look diſdainful on the Poor.
They fain would be accounted great,
Keep *Levees*, make their *Betters* wait,

And reckon'd what they never were
By Mortals, in an humbler Sphere.
They long, they hope to repreſent
Some County in next *Parliament*;
Where they may act without Controul,
Or ſhow how they are *greatly* dull.

THIS Hint, my Friend, 's ſo a-propo,
That I muſt tell a *Tale* or two:
JAUNCY will pardon me, you know——

A MATRON, in the Age of *Troy*,
A *Sculptor* hir'd to carve her Boy:
The Artiſt hit the Shapes ſo well!
The Mother's Fondneſs who could tell?

His

His youthful Eyes, his ſmiling Face,
And ſo forth, ſhone with poliſh'd Grace.
Around an Herd of Flatterers came,
Admiring, prais'd the Sculptor's Name,
And ſwore th' Original out-did
The Work alone, in native Red.
Mean while, a ſerious *Sage* drew nigh,
Now on the Figure caſt his Eye,
Then on the Boy, that he might find
The preſent Temper of his Mind.
At length he open'd thus his Mouth——
" Beauty, I own, adorns thy Youth,
" With Beauty too the Figure ſtands,
" Confeſs'd the Work of curious Hands:

" In this both You and it agree——
" But, if you'd be advis'd by *me*,
" Conſider it is ſtill a *Stone*,
" And have a care *you* prove not *one*."

THUS have we ſeen it many a time,
That *Dunces* to Preferment climb;
And, when they get it, no more ſuit
The Buſ'neſs, than a ſenſeleſs Brute.

I HOPE, my Friend, I'm underſtood,
Yea, Faith, I fear, you'll call me rude.
Why? 'tis not that I'm made of Phleam,
But ſooth, I cou'd not balk my Theme.

Pre-

Predeſtination urg'd me to it,
And that, you know, can make a *Poet*.
You'll ſay, perhaps, like ZENO's Slave,
The Credit of the Crowd to ſave,
That all the Miſchief, Noiſe, and Troubles,
For which the *Traders* blame the *Bubbles*,
Above were order'd by the Stars——
And ſo indeed the thing appears;
For, as their Influence governs Men,
It made, and prompts, and guides my Pen.
Beſide, upon your Toes I trod,
Becauſe I found you prone to nod.
So Pulpit-Beaters rave the more,
That Saints around begin to ſnore.

NOW,

NOW, all my *Tales* and *Similies*
Together join'd, you may with eaſe
My Meaning gather, honeſt Jos,
And ſo I'll end my Letter, poſ.
When I one other *Tale* have told——
Egad, 'tis worth a Purſe of Gold:
O may it true and perfect prove,
A Pledge and Monument of Love!
I've juſt contriv'd it, as you'll find,
To be a Cordial to your Mind,
While LEVI's rigid Sons perplex,
And *Blockheads*, in gilt Chariots, vex.

A WEALTHY Upſtart I have known,
(A very *Sir* GEORGE, or *Sir* JOHN)

Who

Who ſlighted ev'ry Man of Parts,
And ſaw no ſolid Worth in Arts.
This worſhipful *Sir Dunce*, one Day,
Meeting a *Scholar* on the Way,
With Air and Voice imperious ſaid,
" Poor *Wit!* why don't you drive a *Trade*,
" Or get into ſome *Stock* or *Bubble*,
" Grow rich and great, without much Trouble?
" D'ye hope a Fortune e'er to gain,
" By Books and Labour of your Brain?
" 'Tis true, by poring in a Room,
" You may in Want your Life conſume;
" With airy Stuff ſupply your Skull,
" Yet not obtain a Belly-full;

" Your

" Your Coffers thus ſhall ne'er be ſtor'd,
" Nor you be Company to a *Lord*;
" You ſha'nt be notic'd all your Life,
" Nor will a *Maid* become your *Wife*.
" Then, praythee now your Ways amend:
" I'm grave, and ſerious, eke your Friend.
" Let *Cent. per Cent*, your Time beguile:
" *Receiv'd per me* 's the fineſt Stile.
" Books, Wit, and ſo forth, are but Traſh:
" Wiſdom conſiſts in *Stocks* and *Caſh*."
This Prate was, unregarded, paſt——
But War the Town began to waſte,
And Goods, to Citizens hard Fate!
Went off at very eaſy rate.

Abroad

Abroad th' Inhabitants are driv'n,
To ſeek their Chance, like Fowls of Heav'n.
The *Scholar* too the Place forſook,
Behind him only left his Book,
And made his Fortune where he went,
By Brains, and skilful Management.
Whilſt thoſe, that ſlighted him before,
Are doom'd to beg from Door to Door,
How rich they once had been relate,
And, wanting Wit, ſubmit to Fate;
He, known for Learning, and by Fame,
Was welcom'd whereſoe'er he came:
Impartial Strangers own'd his Merit,
And ſtrove to ſerve ſo brave a Spirit.

The *Burgomaſter* now, like others
Of his late wealthy dull-pate Brothers,
On foot, in Rags, begins to ſee
'Twas poor to know *Receiv'd per me*,
And that a *Head*, in Baniſhment,
Cou'd ballance Want of *Cent. per Cent.*

NOW, honeſt Jos, I'll take my leave,
And ne'er a ſingle Farthing crave.
You ſee (and I'd have all Men know it)
That I'm no mercenary *Poet*,
Elſe I had choſe a *Patron* fitter,
(I freely own it) for my Letter.
Tho all the Town may ſwear by G——d,
My Humour's ſingular and odd,

If

If you, the *Muſes'* Friend and mine,
Of Fortune ſmall, but Parts Divine,
Approve my plain familiar way——
'S Blood, you know as well as They.
Yea, ſuch is my peculiar Fancy,
That if the thing is lik'd by JAUNCY,
To whom, for you, 'tis *gratis* giv'n,
I care not, tho a Voice from Heav'n,
Shou'd cry, when it appears in Print,
" 'Tis *Grub-ſtreet* all, and nothing in't."

Richmond, Sept. 17.
1720.

C. C——m.

If

If You, the Muse's Friend and mine,
Of Fortune small, but Bays Divine,
Approve my plain familiar way——
'S Blood, You know as well as They,
Yea, such is my peculiar Fancy,
That if the thing is lik'd by Jaunce,
To whom, for You, 'tis gratis giv'n,
I care not, tho a Voice from Heav'n,
Shou'd cry, when it appears in Print,
"'Tis Grub-Street all, and nothing in't."

Richmond, Sept. 17.
1760.

C. C——m.

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